DAPHNE CORONALIS:

A

Pindarique Ode,

To the moſt Auguſt MONARCH,

JAMES the II.

Of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, & *Ireland*,
King, Defender of the Faith;

Crown'd at *Weſtminſter*, *April* the 23*d*. 1685.

Humbly Dedicated by a Loyal Muſe.

Quo pede cæpiſti, ſic bene ſemper eas. Ovid. Triſt.

Juſtitiæ ſervantem animum, puræque tenacem
Mentis, & incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto
Omnibus oppono Furiis, licet omnis in Illud
Conſpiret Rabies, & totas convocet iras.

LONDON:
Printed for *Charles Brome*, at the *Gun* at the Weſt-end of St. *Pauls*, 1685.

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Pindarique Ode,

To the most August MONARCH,

JAMES the II.

King of Scotland, England, France, & Ireland,

Defender of the Faith,

Crowned at Westminster, April the 23d. 1685.

Humbly Dedicated by a Loyal Muse.

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A Pindarique Ode.

I.

UNhappy ſtate of ſublunary things,
To which the Heav'ns no bleſſing lend,
But always dreadful Overthrow's portend,
By blaſting ev'ry Noble Plant that ſprings:
Ah! peaceful *Albion*, happy Iſle,
On Thee much kinder Stars do ſmile,
Which influence thy grief,
By beaming quick relief;
On Thee do fall thoſe golden Show'rs
Of *Mercy*, *Clemency*, and *Love*,
The Objects of the Saints above,
The bleſſing of th' Æthereal Pow'rs;
A bleſſing which they oft' create
To make Thee great,
Thy People fortunate.
Ungrateful Land! (ſtand,
Canſt thou ſuch Heav'nly Courtſhip then with-
And ſtay the Bleſſing with a Rebel hand?
Such Offring, ſuch Sacrifice,
Will not Almighty God ſuffice,

They will provoke
His fearful ſtroke.
Ah! then fair *Albion* ſhun thoſe Seas
Which nothing can appeaſe,
Which ſwell, and roar, and live by rage,
Not all the Tribute of the nether World can them (aſſwage.

II.

Embalm'd with grief thus long we laid,
To mourn with Us, Dame Nature ſtaid
Her ſweet productive courſe:
Her ſecret Charms grew vain,
She ſeem'd to entertain
No lively quick'ning force;
Confus'd ſhe was,
As when of old both Night and Day
Did intermix with Duſt and Clay,
And in their Native Twilight lay:
All ſad we ſtood,
And wept a flood,
To hear the ſhort-liv'd groans aſſault the Sky,
As Harbingers, unhappily
They did fore-tell the deadly Fate
Of *CHARLES* our King,
The deareſt Thing,
Next under God Supremely Great:
Rich in his Princely Graces and Renown,
Nothing but length of days was wanting to his (Crown;
His better Part
Forſook his Heart, And

And ceas'd to animate the Royal Clay;
Virtue diſcover'd now a Nobler Sphere,
In which no Factious Hurricanes appear,
And led his Soul ſafe to the *Milky-way*.
Guarded by Angels there refin'd it lies,
The *only Preſent* that cou'd bribe the Skies:
Death and Deſpair
Infect the Air,
Almoſt we ſunk into the Gulf of Fear;
Our ſorrows flow'd to ſuch a height,
We cou'd not long have born the weight,
Had not the King of Kings,
Who ſees th'event of things,
Repair'd our loſs, and baniſh'd ev'ry Tear;
New gleams of Joy do now revive,
Things in their Native Colours thrive;
Th' Illuſtrious *JAMES* is here,
To chaſe away our Fear,
And does again enlighten all our Hemiſphere.

III.

Ye youthful Glories, envy of all Lands,
Rouze from your Beds of Down, and haſt away
To fortifie with Vows this happy Day;
Put on your choice Attire,
And tune the ſevenfold Lyre,
Wreath verdant Chaplets with your Virgin hands;
Throw off Bandores, and mournful Cypreſs Vails,
Paſs not for Strumpets in thin Muſlin Rails

About

About the ſtreet,
For Pimps to greet;
Lay all your Sable Veſtments by,
They ſuit not this Solemnity,
Prepar'd to Crown
With high Renown
The Sacred Head of Majeſty:
Great *JAMES* is He, appointed now
To ſway the Scepter here below,
Whoſe Virtues ſhall
Triumphant ſpread o'r all this tumbling Ball.

IV.

In full content let's revell now,
No ſullen care diſtorts the brow;
Our Sorrows now ſhall run,
They ſhall be cruſh'd away
(As attoms by the Sun)
Into their groſſer Clay.
We'll hoiſe up ev'ry Loyal Sail,
And ply ſuch Oars,
Which ſhall prevail
Once more reach
The Royal Beach,
And reverendly kiſs the wiſhed Shoars.

V.

Oh! happy Land, Thy Barque is fortunate,
Whil'ſt thus it rides in a continu'd Calm,
Whil'ſt thus the Heav'ns pronounce Thee great
By pouring on thy Head their coſtly Balm. Ah

Ah! ſweet ſurprize,
The *Halcyon* days
Upon us riſe
With healing Rays;
The ſilver Streams in gentle murmurs run;
No fatal Tenth Wave dares to frown;
Impartial Juſtice guards our Peace,
And wholſom Laws do ſtill increaſe,
Equal they are to Rich and Poor.
What can o're-ruling Providence do more?
Thus happy is our Land,
Fram'd by the juſt Command
Of Him, who to our Countrey brings,
To crown our Joys, (even the beſt of Kings:)
So ſweet's the harmony of Love,
So good the ſtate we now live under,
We only hear of mighty *Jove*,
Scarce ever feel his Thunder.

VI.

All hail! (Dread SIR!) thus Crown'd with Joy,
With all the Ornaments of Nature dreſt,
A Soul like Thine eternally is bleſt;
For Thee our fervent Zeal we will employ.
See with what buſie Joy the *Spring*
All clad in green
Puts forth a beauteous Scene!
The chirping Songſters of the Air
In all their richeſt Plumes appear;

The

The Woods and Groves
(The Pallaces for little Loves)
Are fill'd with joy, and all around,
In ſhort-breath'd tuneful Lays
The prattling Ecchoes ſound
Our Mighty Monarch's Praiſe,
And Valleys thick with Corn do laugh and ſing.

VII.

Thus (Sacred SIR!) kind Nature gives to You
Theſe rare Prognoſticks of Proſperity,
The Emblems of Eternity,
To YOU, and only YOU, legitimately due.
Live long (Great CÆSAR!) live to be admir'd
By all the World, by Heav'n and Earth deſir'd:
Go on, and view this ſubject Land,
A Tribute due to thy Command.
Oh! may thy days be long,
Thy Joys for ever young;
Thy Reign ſafe and ſerene,
Thy Laurels ever green:
In ſpight of Hell, and all *Excluſive Leaven*,
Virtue like Thine
Will ever ſhine,
And mount Thee up to Heaven.

FINIS.

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